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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

If Some True Maiden's Love.

All worldly dreams I would resign,
Nor ever long for hidden love
If some true maiden's love were mine.

If but two eyes of blue divine
Could meet my glance forever more,
All worldly dreams I would resign.

The clouds would show a silver line
And rainbow tints would hue them o'er,
If some true maiden's love were mine.

A jasmine tree would droop and twine
And rainbows tints would hue them o'er,
If some true maiden's love were mine.

Our gems should be the dewdrops' shine
Our music float from larks that soar,
If some true maiden's love were mine.

Where is she now? She gives no sign,
That loyal heart led to the core!
All worldly dreams I would resign
If some true maiden's love were mine.

—Samuel McIntire Peck.

STORY TELLER.

LOVE BEYOND PRICE.

BY LOUISE D. MITCHELL.

The farm of the Willetts was a model of neatness and thriftiness. Never did the neighbors find a broken fence-rail or an untrimmed hedge, for in spite of the poverty of its owner and the want of help nothing was neglected. Farmer Willette was wont to draw himself up proudly and declare that although he had but one man, his son Tom, and himself to run the farm, no one in Hillsdale could boast of a prettier place or better kept fowls and animals than he.

In the old-fashioned farmhouse his daughter Jeanie made the domestic wheel revolve smoothly, while his gentle, delicate wife, assisted in the lighter duties which Jeanie saw were even too much for her feebleness.

And so their lives ran on in one dull, monotonous routine, until an event occurred which caused a sudden turn in affairs.

Will Avery, the son of the richest man in Hillsdale, came down from the city, where he had been working, to his former home on a visit. He laughed at Tom Willette for plodding along on a stupid farm when he might make a fortune in the city. And Tom (foolish boy that he was), ashamed to confide his intentions to his father, and leave home in an honest, straightforward way, sneaked off in the dead of night, leaving a note which Jeanie found upon his pin-cushion, to tell his parents that he was tired of hard, country work, and had gone to the city to seek his fortune.

When the farmer heard of the flight of his son his wrath was fearful to behold, and in the heat of his anger he swore that Tom should never enter his door again; and he forbade any mention of his boy's name by either wife or daughter.

They obeyed him, and only when in the solitude of her own room did Mrs. Willette speak of her absent boy to the sympathizing Jeanie.

Nine months passed wearily by and only once did they hear from Tom, who sent a letter to his proud father to crave his forgiveness; but the father's anger had not yet cooled, and he returned the letter, saying that he had no son, and he never wished to hear from the boy who once occupied that place in his home and affections.

Poor man! He had placed all hopes of future greatness in his only son, and no wonder the hard-working farmer found it a difficult task to forgive Tom for destroying his ambitious plans. He was not the man to complain to another of his misfortunes, and as he could not afford to hire another hand on the farm, he worked harder than ever.

His tall figure began to stoop, and his iron-gray hair became snowy white. He would go to the house at meal-time, but was hurried and silent, then out again he would go, having barely tasted a morsel, and in answer to Jeanie's anxious look would say that he had no time to eat; he had too much to do.

That sort of Tom to thinking how she could lighten his cares, and she finally concluded to hurry over her own work and then take Tom's place upon the farm as far as she was able; and it was a comical sight to see the young girl with a torn straw hat, faded dress, and with an old pair of Tom's stout boots upon her feet, whip in hand behind the plow, urging the old horses on. But Jeanie didn't care. Father had more time to rest, and she fancied he was losing the hurried, care-worn look that had settled upon his face since Tom had run away.

As for Mrs. Willette, the anxiety and care as to how they should manage through the coming winter, and the feverish longing for her son, told greatly upon her already feeble frame, and one day Jeanie woke to the reality that her mother was dangerously ill.

"Father," Jeanie said, stopping the farmer as he was leaving the house—"father, I fear mother is sicker than we know."

"What?" shouted the farmer, unheeding Jeanie's motion to be quiet, "your mother sick? Why, you must be crazy, girl! She told me this morning that she wasn't agoin' to get up till after breakfast 'cause she felt tired like; but she ain't much sick, I reckon, else she would a told me;" and with a few more words he hurried away, while Jeanie ran up to her mother's room and bent over the bed.

"Mother, dear," she whispered, tenderly, "do you feel ill? Can I do anything for you?"

"They told me that my Tom had run away, and it isn't true; I know it is not," muttered the invalid, as she tossed restlessly about, while every now and then a moan broke from her lips.

Jeanie was very much frightened, for she could not understand how her mother could have forgotten that Tom had run away so long ago.

"Mother," she cried, laying her cool though hard hand upon her mother's burning forehead, "don't you know me? It is Jeanie—your Jeanie. Oh! what shall I do?" and with tears of helplessness in her eyes she prayed for guidance. Almost immediately a thought struck her.

Darting from the room and down the stairs, Jeanie entered the kitchen, and seizing the old dinner horn she blew it repeatedly, then waited anxiously. Yes, her father's voice was hallooing to her. Once more the hoarse tones of the horn floated down to her father at work in the pasture, and it was with a sense of relief that she saw him striding rapidly toward the house.

"What is it, Jeanie, girl?" he asked, panting for breath, as he neared the house. In a few brief words she had told him all, and bidding her run back to her mother, he hurried to the barn.

As Jeanie sat by the bedside of her mother, she heard the clatter of the horse's feet. Running to the window, she saw her father riding rapidly toward the village.

"Where is Tom? Why don't somebody bring him from the field? I must speak to him," cried Mrs. Willette, excitedly. "Is he dead? John, John, you must forgive him—our boy—our only one—oh, John!"

Her last words would have melted her husband's proud heart, could he have heard them; but he was far away, seeking the village physician, whom he fortunately found just stepping into his buggy to make a professional call; but Farmer Willette's startled appearance and urgent entreaty caused the doctor to change his destination, and they were soon driving toward the Willette farm.

Jeanie hurried forward to meet the doctor as he entered her mother's room.

"Is she very ill, sir? Oh, tell me!" she cried, grasping his arm in her excitement.

"Be calm," Miss Jeanie, he answered, soothingly, "for I have only you to depend upon as nurse. Yes, I fear that Mrs. Willette is a very sick woman." He once more bent over the invalid, who, having swallowed a soothing potion, now lay quiet with closed eyes.

The farmer had stood eagerly watching the doctor's face, as he spoke to Jeanie, and he now stepped forward.

"I say, doctor," touching the physician's arm and speaking in an awe-struck voice, "you don't mean to say that my wife is very sick, do you?"

"I am afraid so, Mr. Willette," was the reply as the doctor rapidly wrote a prescription and handed it to Jeanie. "Your wife was always a very delicate woman, and she should have never married a farmer—least of all a poor one," he added in a low voice, yet not so low but that the husband caught his words.

"No one knows that better than I do," the farmer mentally said, while aloud he asked:

"You will call again this evening, sir?"

worrying; and, indeed, I believe that this trouble has partly caused the illness; and—" he stood still, and the better to emphasize his words, he laid a hand on the farmer's shoulder, "and until that trouble is cleared away I can give you no hopes of her recovery. I did not tell your daughter of this, because I wished first to make it known to you."

"You are quite sure of this, Dr. Barlow?" the farmer asked, in a forced voice.

"I am, sir. Mr. Willette, your wife was very fond of Tom, wasn't she?" Dr. Barlow asked significantly; and without waiting for an answer he sprang into the buggy and was soon out of sight, leaving the farmer to awake to the astonishing truth that his wife's life was despaired of, chiefly because he refused to allow the boy whom he had disowned to return to his home and his affections.

Slowly he donned his hat and to his work, feeling weaker and more unmanned than he had ever been before.

"Which means," he said angrily, but to himself, giving the old horse a sharp cut with the whip, "that I am to send for that boy. Pshaw! the doctor is a fool; he don't know what he is talking about. Send for Tom, indeed! No; he has made his bed, so let him lie." Thus for a time he dismissed the subject from his mind.

That night Hannah Briggs came to the farm-house to attend the housework, that Jeanie might give all her time and thoughts to her mother.

Oh! how wearily the days and weeks crept by with no change for the better in the invalid whose never-ceasing cry was for Tom. Then she would imagine herself conversing with her husband.

"Oh, John!" she cried, piteously, "you don't know; perhaps he was tempted to go; forgive him for my sake, dear," and yet for the sake of his stubborn pride her husband turned a deaf ear to her cry.

There came a time, however, when it was too late. Grouped about her bed that night were Jean, the doctor, and the farmer all waiting for either life or death, they knew not which.

Without, the night was most beautiful, so calm and so solemn. The gentle breeze moved lazily through the leaves upon the tall trees near the farmhouse with a sound like the rustling of angels' wings, while near by lay a soul battling with death.

As the watchers sat there in the dim light the old clock in the hall below struck twelve. A few minutes later, and the sound of hushed footsteps ascending the stairs and coming toward the sick room. The door was pushed steadily open and the figure of a young man appeared in the moonlight. Unmindful of the other occupants of the room, he moved toward the bed and bent over the prostrate form.

"Mother," a voice said low and brokenly, "mother, speak to me; it is Tom."

That simple word had an effect that all the doctor's medical skill had failed to compass. A smile, faint but almost heavenly, curved the mother's lips.

"My Tom—John, forgive him!" The weak hand relaxed its hold upon the large brown one, and with a little sigh Mrs. Willette fell into a refreshing sleep.

"She is saved," Dr. Barlow whispered, thankfully, and involuntarily his eyes rested upon the farmer kneeling beside the bed, with his face buried in his hands, while deep sobs shook his heavy frame.

God's mercy had overwhelmed him. At last, he arose, and with bowed head and quiet footstep he stole from the room, and after a few moments' hesitation Tom followed him.

No one ever knew what passed in that interview—no one but God and the two men concerned in it. Suffice it to say that Tom never returned to the city, but worked humbly and thankfully upon the Willette farm, for Tom became more patient, more subdued than it had ever seemed possible for him to be. And gradually there arose a better understanding between his father and himself, for in the bitter lesson that they had learned they found that above and beyond all else there is to be desired that love that is beyond all price.—*Christian at Work.*

Information Wanted.

Any one who can send to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL the address of Mrs. — (nee Carrie E. Handy, Articulation Teacher) will confer a favor. She was in San Francisco when last heard from.

FINDING LOST BABIES.

HOW TODDLERS ARE PICKED UP IN THE CITY STREETS—NOT HARD TO FIND THE STRAYED DARLINGS OF NEW YORK—MATRON WEBB AND THE LOST CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT—THE FATE OF FOUR BABIES.

The little shavers and shaverines that the policemen carry every night to Matron Webb, at the lost children's department, are a thoroughly assorted lot. Some are about the size that a westerner designates as being "as big as a pint of cider half drunk up," others are often eight or ten years of age, and got lost because they have just come to the city or have lived in some institution all their lives. The strays are invariably dirty, and usually more or less unbuttoned and unlaced. Also, the more certain their parents are that their darlings will be scared almost to death, the more sure the youngsters are to come in with a fist full of pennies, no hat, and a soul full of peace.

Last Sunday night a manly, handsome officer, got on a Broadway car at Twenty-ninth Street with a little girl, who clung to him like a thistle blow, shaking and quivering with sobs. The car was well filled with church folks, who began immediately to pelt the officer with questions, which he answered calmly and patiently, hugging the little one up to his side the while.

At Matron Webb's, Miss Baby found a warm welcome. Three rows of blue arm-chairs and rockers constitute the strange little human "pound," where the stray babies wait some one to come and prove their property. With tear stained face washed and her roll replaced by some diplomatically sugared cake, the little one consented to trust herself, her precious pennies and her daisies to the arms of a much glided and flowered blue rocking chair. They weren't nice, warm, strong arms same as the policeman had, but they had their good points. As soon as she was settled, a bit Matron Webb smiled on her one of those motherly smiles that have warmed the cockles of so many little hearts and asked her name.

The gray eyes looked at her very steadily for a minute, then the lower part of the interrogation point quivered a little and she answered:

"Fanny!"

The voice was about as fine as a cambric needle and as large as a minute old robin's chirp, but the matron heard it, and asked her "other name." The ghost of a baby smile straightened out the interrogation point, and the sweet thread of a voice was a full size larger as it answered:

"Duckem!"

This was all the information that could be gained, for indeed it was probably all the mere baby knew. She sat obediently in her chair during her stay. At last, after an hour's waiting, the door opened sharply and a nice looking young fellow of nineteen or twenty came tumbling in, white and excited. Up flew the little fat arms, away went the pennies and the posies, "Oh, Duckem!" cried a manly voice, and Duckem was close in her big brother's arms. She was so glad that her shyness all went away at once and she graciously let everybody who wanted to kiss her good-by. Little Fanny Daly, of West Twenty-ninth Street, was thus lost and found.

But this dear little girl was not the only guest that the matron was entertaining last Sunday night. It was not very much of a day for lost babies, for there had not been so much as a procession or a hand organ out to tempt them away, but all the same, seventeen small pilgrims in pinafores and jackets drifted in and out, before and after "Duckem" came and went. Next to "Duckem," the baby of this group of youngsters, was a burly, splendid boy, about two years and a half old, just the sort of boy to suit the name he gave, "Phil." Phil gave the wiry young "cop," as he called him, who brought him in a lively tussle; but no one who could see the poor little beggar flat on his face before the door begging and screaming to be taken to his moth—"ther," could blame him for the rumpus he was making. No cakes, nor candies, nor fine words could butter poor little Phil's parsnips that night, and he sobbed and cried as if his manly little heart would break until his mother appeared. She came in a half hour later, a thin, tidy looking woman, with a flushed face and a shawl hastily wrapped around her, almost beside herself with fear.

"Oh, Phil, my darlin', why did ye run away from your mother? Oh, sure, my boy, it's the dreadful terror

you've given me this day, thinking I'd never be seeing you again, and I the mother of eight children that never had one of them run away from the steps on which I put 'em before!

Where was it ye were, spalpeen?" Phil left home on East Seventy-fourth street at ten o'clock in the morning, and at five o'clock was picked up at the foot of Park Place! Seven good miles if it was an inch, and "Phil" not three years old till September comes." Small wonder his mammy picked him up in her willing arms and carried him off folded close to her mother's heart.

The little wanderer was scarce on his way home when a good-looking man burst into the room. He sprang toward the triple row of chairs without speaking and then with a groan turned away. As he turned his eye fell on a tattered sailor hat, long blue ribbon on it, lying on the table.

"That's his hat," he cried. "Where's Jack?" Matron Webb pointed to the white bed in the corner. Master Jack had sat in his chair as long as he could and then had calmly gotten up, laid his hat on the table and gone to bed "till daddy comes." In a moment there was the greatest hullabaloo in the corner that one could imagine. The sight of his daddy put all Jack's philosophy out of his mind, and he cried like a good one. His father blinked a few times over the boy's shoulder and held him very tight, but not a word did he say until he got his boy out in the hall. Then he broke into a sob.

These three youngsters and one other got all the kisses there were given. Not one of the eighteen were scolded, but fourteen of them were greeted in a manner that spoke more or less of a shattered confidence.

The young mothers and fathers are the ones who take it hard, particularly if they are strangers and foreigners. For instance, the fourth baby last Sunday night who got a kissing was a little dark-haired, dark-eyed girl in a white frock, with small enamelled earrings in her ears. Her mother was a mere child, a slender Polish girl with a shawl over her head and her big eyes swimming with tears. She had a young lad with her as interpreter, but she was too much excited to wait for him, and she flew from one chair to the other, wringing her hands and chattering like a magpie. Mrs. Webb happened to remember the little one on the bed with the earrings in her ears, and inquiringly touched her own ears as a question. The little mother flew to the corner, and in a moment was staggering with her big girl in the arms that ought still to be tending dolls. She kissed and cried over her baby for five minutes before she could make up her mind to leave off and go home.—*Fannie B. Merrill in New York World.*

At the Stamp Window.

"Has postage been reduced to two cents?" "Yes'm."

"For letter?" "Yes'm."

"Then a two-cent stamp will actually carry a letter?" "It will."

"And there's no need of putting on three cents?" "Not a bit."

"Do you know Mrs. Blank?" "No'm."

"She says it's two cents in the city."

"It is two cents anywhere in the country."

"She says she sent a letter to her husband in Chicago with a two-cent stamp on it and he never got it."

"I can't help that, ma'am."

"Then two cents is enough?" "Plenty."

"And her husband probably got the letter and didn't answer it?" "Probably."

"Well, I'll take a two-cent stamp, but if there is any doubt about the matter, I'd as soon pay more. It will go, will it?"

HOW A CHINAMAN DIES.

THE PIOUS TASK OF CHEERING THE DYING MAN AND MINISTERING TO HIS PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL WANTS—ATTRACTIVE INTERIOR OF A CHINESE HOME.

A heathen died 12,000 miles away from home, at No. 13 Pell street, on Friday morning. Although he was so far away from his native land, he was tendered in his dying hours by some of "cousins," for in China the cousin is any member of the same family, no matter how remote the kinship, and the manner of his death was as it would have been if he had died at home. His name is Hong Toi, and he is a cousin of a wealthy Chinaman who keeps a grocery at No. 26 Mott street. He had just been taken away from Boston to die in this city. According to a certain Chinese superstition it is unlucky to allow a man to die in the same house where he lived. Consequently, as soon as the attending physician pronounced the case hopeless, a room elsewhere is hired for him to die in, as was done in this case.

Hong Toi was born in Quang-Tung-Foo in 1863, and came to America when he was 20 years of age. Like so many of his countrymen, when he arrived here he sought employment in a laundry, and set himself to make a fortune. His savings after a time were large enough to enable him to buy an interest in a grocery, and before he died he had laid up \$50,000. His hopes and plans, however, all perished with him. Four months ago he contracted an illness common among the people of his race. He coughed, grew thin and lost his appetite. The American physician whom he employed at first pronounced that trouble malaria, but his treatment did the patient little good. A Chinese doctor was consulted later, and he declared the trouble to be pneumonia. This proved correct, and the disease soon proved fatal.

Within the last two weeks of his life he was never left alone. His friends and cousins relieved one another in the pious task of cheering the dying man and ministering, in their heathen fashion, to his spiritual as well as his physical wants. They read long passages to him from their national books, such as the works of Confucius and Mencius, the Tripitaka of Buddha and the verses of Lao Tszee and other famous poets. They fed him with the strange and delicate dainties which the Chinese only concoct, and talked of home when he was strong enough to listen. Then, as the end came nearer, they brought out and spread around him numerous queer looking objects, such as had been familiar to him in his childhood, evidently seeking, as they might amuse a tired child, to bring some pleasant memory or happy thought into his mind while yet life might be made a little brighter.

They spread out little squares of sugar candy, looking not unlike the "butter scotch" American children like so well. Queer cakes were laid around on tables and chairs, and even on the bed, some with fruits and some with spices in them, some with meats and some with unfamiliar ingredients to the Caucasian; very few of them were alike. Then they brought even dolls, fashioned as nearly after the babyhood of China as the pictures of their native artists are like nature—grotesque, quaint and richly garbed, odd and pretty. From the ceiling they hung kites and queer umbrellas, and some of the elegant, fantastic paper lanterns that aesthetes delight in. A smile would sometimes come over his wasted features, but for the most of the time his face was calm and grave, as is the wont of Chinamen. It is a look not unlike that of babies, wise beyond their days, who look at all things with a quiet sort of attention that seems to speak a tolerant half approval.

His bed was a narrow bunk, covered with white matting, and the pillows were long, narrow boxes, covered with upholstery. They looked not unlike the foot rests in an old English church. Around the walls hung silken banners of vivid scarlet and rich embroidery tracing the hieroglyphics that stood for verses from the poets. Over the mantelpiece were religious pictures not unlike those that hang over the altars in the Chinese temples. In the center was a representation of God as the Chinese picture him, seated on a throne of barbaric magnificence, while on either hand were pictures of the beings whom they suppose to personify powers of destruction and reparation. On the opposite wall hung the

words of the Christian hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." On the mantelpiece underneath the religious pictures were a dozen or more artistic photographs of ballet girls in the extreme nudeness of the modern stage.

In one corner was a bamboo table, on which were pots of coal kept constantly burning, and of tea kept always hot. Other smaller tables supported bronze vases, some of them very costly and all artistic; bronze bowls of clean white sand, in which were stuck joss sticks, to be burned from time to time in devotional exercises, and some forty or fifty volumes of the writings of Chinese poets. These were huge and cumbersome, but of rare workmanship, and must have been expensive purchases.

The sick man's costume was a simple house dress, somewhat resembling the pajamas that have grown into popular favor in America within the last few years. He wore a blouse, loose and without any approach to a fit, made of yellow muslin, and a pair of trousers of the same materials, only reaching to the ankle, and on his otherwise naked feet were a pair of loose slippers. This was in his Boston home. A few days ago, his physicians having pronounced his case hopeless, he was removed to this city, as stated above.

He confronted death with all the calm courage of the true fatalist, evidently in full possession of all his mental faculties and firm in his Oriental faith. There was not the faintest evidence of any fear in his manner or his words, nor did there seem to be any longing for life or desire to supplicate for it. To an American whom he knew well, and whom he had learned to regard as a good friend, he said, as he grasped his hand the day before he died:

"Mayhap die one week, maybe one month die allee samee. No solly myself. All light. Solly my mothee, my mothee."

To one of his Chinese friends he said, only a few hours before he breathed his last, and when he was almost unable to articulate: "I think I see the dragons." It was the last he said. Soon after he sank into what seemed a peaceful sleep, and saving for his labored breathing he gave no further evidence of suffering. Slowly and more slowly he breathed, until with a long gasping sigh he gave up the struggle and rested.

There was no lamentation, or any evidence of grief, though it was plain enough that to many of his friends his going was a real sorrow. Five or six of these friends were in the room when he passed away, and as soon as they saw that he was dead they began the preparations for his final disposal.—*New York Herald.*

LOCKS OF GOLDEN HAIR.

LEGENDARY LORE CONCERNING HAIR OF SANGUINARY TINT—OLD PROVERBS.

Witty paragraphs are at present accustomed to satirize in many ways the red haired girl, her appearance being said to be connected with the proximate vision of a white horse. It is perhaps impossible to say when this idea originated, but it is probably that it had its rise in the ancient aversion to red haired persons, very widespread. Various reasons have been assigned for this curious antipathy. Mythologists claim that red represents the dangerous lightning stroke, or the withering rays of the summer sun. Indra, god of the elements has golden hair, and Loki, a mischievous imp, was red haired. The mermaid is often represented as combing her golden locks, and red bearded demons are not uncommon. "Rothbart, Tenufelsart" (red beard, devil's kind), is an old German proverb.

Others claim that the origin of the superstition that red haired men were treacherous, came from a notion that Judas was red haired. Nothing is said as to the color of his hair in the New Testament, and he is shown with black hair in most of the painted representations of the Middle Ages. A German fresco of the Twelfth century, however, pictures the arch traitor as a red haired man. It is probable that Christian influence in Teutonic lands brought about this great antipathy to red hair, as many of the heathen gods and goddesses wore golden locks. "Red has always been a detested color. It was the hue of the pirate flag, and its sanguinary tint has been chosen for the banner of the Anarchists. It was for a long time an unfashionable color in England, and anuburn locks were, therefore, a disadvantage to the possessor.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 2, 1888.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the price of ten cents a line.

THE prospects for a great convention in Rochester, N. Y., this month are every day becoming more and more pronounced. An enthusiasm was first begotten through the excellent programme which is advertised in the JOURNAL, and the moderate charges and fine accommodations secured from the hotels coupled with the favorable railroad rates, have put the finishing touch upon the whole business, and on all sides are found deaf-mutes who express an eager interest in the convention and an unqualified decision to attend it. This is as it should be. As a general rule, the men who take the trouble and responsibility of arranging conventions, are those who could most easily and with the least loss dispense with them. It is for the benefit of the mass of deaf-mutes that conventions are held, and consequently the mass should not be slow to appreciate the fact. It is true it will cost a few dollars to attend, but in the increased benefits which accrue from these conventions the money is well invested. The time was when deaf-mutes could not get together and discuss and plan for their own welfare, and at that time their progress was slow indeed. But since the era of deaf-mute newspapers and the organization of deaf-mute associations, a rapid onward and upward movement has characterized the social and business conditions of our class. Usually, the question in relation to a deaf-mute convention is, "How many are going?" This year it should be, "How many will stay at home?" Let all the deaf who read this, make up their minds to be present at the opening of the convention in Rochester, on the morning of August 29th, and if they know any who hesitate, give them a copy of the programme and debate the matter until all doubt and disinclination are dispelled. More than this, all who join the Association should be prepared to take an active part in the proceedings. To sit still, and passively allow one or two to do the talking, and then vote in this way or the other without giving the reason for so doing, is to rob the proceedings of half their interest. What all should strive for should be to make the convention a good, serious, intelligent and earnest example of the sentiments and the capabilities of the deaf.

We regret to learn that Mr. J. Crossett, who is so earnestly endeavoring to have schools for the deaf and dumb opened and carried on in China, has been ill with a bronchial affection. Mr. John Fryer, of Shanghai, is about to start a deaf-mute school in that city, which step will be one of the results of Mr. Crossett's good work. It is very hard for those deaf-mutes, who are well-educated in America and other countries to understand the exact condition of Chinese deaf-mutes. One born and brought up in a land of liberty, naturally can see no reason for denying education to deaf-mutes in any other country. But the fact remains that the numerous class of the Chinese Empire, who can not hear, are little if any better than the beasts that perish, and until some practical suggestion is offered or some definite move in the direction of their education is made, there is little chance that the lamentable condition of the Chinese deaf and dumb can be improved.

NEXT Thursday, the New Jersey Deaf-Mute Association, will give a picnic for the benefit of the Gallaudet Memorial Fund. As it will be held in Jersey City, which is so near and convenient for New Yorkers as well as deaf-mutes living in Brooklyn, it is hoped that the attendance from

these two cities will be very large. The entertainments of the Association have always been noted for the good order and genuine enjoyment which is obtained at them, and no one who attends is likely to regret it. Particulars will be found in the advertisement on the fourth page of this paper.

ITEMIZER.

E. W. Edwards is now in Portland, Me., and will go to Halifax, Nova Scotia.

J. W. De Veris is still in Oregon. He was at Le Grande when last heard from.

Mrs. M. E. Totten is said to be the oldest deaf-mute in this state. She is eighty years of age.

It is rumored that St. Joseph's Union, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will send a delegate to the Empire State Convention.

Mr. Shattuck, of California, was in Providence, R. I., last week, and called on a mute. He has gone to New Hampshire.

The mother of Miss Mary Lucet, a semi-mute, of Boston, died a short while ago. Mary has the sympathy of all her friends.

Miss Henrietta Prins, who has been enjoying a vacation of two weeks, in the country, returned to her home in this city on Monday.

Harry M. Powell works in the type-writer manufactory in Iliou, N. Y. He would be glad to see his deaf-mute friends should any of them pass through Iliou.

On Monday, July 30th, Mrs. J. F. Donnelly and her boy baby, Bonnie, took the 9 A.M. Chicago Express for Binghamton, N. Y., where she will spend the balance of Summer.

Jerome T. Elwell made called to see Leonard R. Somers and sister, in Linwood, N. J., but Leonard was at work. He regretted not being able to see the genial and erudite Professor.

In last week's JOURNAL, a New York correspondent announced through Madame Rumor, the death of a female inmate at the Gallaudet Home recently. It was a little pig that died.

Miss Annie E. Woodall, of Chester, Pa., left her place with Mrs. John Moseley last January, and has been at home with her mother. She is very sick, and the doctor says she will not recover.

Mr. Wm. F. Durian, of New York City, was married to Miss Fannie Goreth, of Walden, N. Y., on July 28th, by Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, of St. Ann's Church, at the Emmanuel Church, in this city.

Miss S. F. Emanuel's sisters Minnie and Lydia, left Brooklyn on the 21st ult., for Niagara Falls. They will include the Thousand Islands, Watkins Glen and Saratoga Springs in their trip, before they return.

On the 25th of July, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Homer, who are now residing in New Bedford, Mass., went on an excursion to Nantasket Beach with a party of Fair Haven and New Bedford people. Every thing was enjoyable.

M. J. Smith, the genial gentleman who presides over the words that make up the *Pueblo Merry World*, was in Denver this week. Smith can neither talk nor hear, but he can run a gossiping weekly newspaper to suit the tastes of the most fastidious. —Denver News.

Chas. J. McMannus, of 55 Wakeman Ave., Newark, N. J., would like to hear from E. Haydon, of Brooklyn, O'Shea, Shannon, Brown, McInerney, of New York, Foley, of Brooklyn, to arrange to play base ball at Schuetzen Park, Union, N. J., on the 25th of August.

Miss Annie E. Austin and her sister Edith are spending their time in Gaylordville, Conn. where they do some horseback riding, bathing and walking. Miss Annie sprained her ankle by falling off "Old Nick," the horse, and hardly a day passed without finding her bruised in some way, but she enjoys this sort of life immensely.

The Boston papers speak very well of Hoy, of the Washingtons, as a fielder and base-runner. G. A. Holmes, Acheson, J. H. Donnelly, of Woonsocket, R. I., and several other mutes were among the spectators last Saturday, the Washingtons being defeated by the Bostons. Hoy played brilliantly.

Miss M. E. Hurley, of Keene, N. H., was in Boston, a few weeks ago, making a few visits, and attended the picnic at Centennial Grove. While there, she was the guest of Misses Annie Power, May Dowry, and J. Kenny. Misses Hurley, Power and Kenny were pupils at the Boston Oral School. She left Boston, on Monday, July 30th, en route for New Haven, Conn. She was the recipient of many gifts in honor of her visit.

In connection with the notices pertaining the Reunion at Rochester, to be held this month, the sermon before the Reunion will be preached by the Rev. Dr. Carter, of Rochester, and will with the service be rendered in signs by Rev. T. B. Berry. The service will be at St. Luke's Church, Wednesday evening, 7:45 o'clock. It is hoped that the delegates will honor Dr. Carter by attending in a body, as Rev. Mr. Berry has taken much trouble to secure a preacher for the occasion.

A deaf and dumb man, employed by R. F. Hawkins, fell from the railroad bridge over the Connecticut river about 9 o'clock last evening and was with difficulty rescued by means of a long rope. He had taken an evening stroll in the streets of the City and was returning to his home in West Springfield, when he stopped on the bridge for a moment to inspect the repairs on which he had worked. Turning to proceed, his foot slipped, or as some assert the evening express for the west, which was then due struck him and he plunged into the water, about in the middle of the river. He disappeared, but a quick-witted bystander seeing the man's predicament lowered a rope attached to a derrick and when the mute appeared he clutched it with a grip of a vise. His life moved as if requesting to be drawn up and several ready hands tugged at the rope, drawing the victim half out of the water, but he soon fell back. The rope lowered again, and again the half-dry and mute hung on for dear life. Several men, attracted by the calls of the spectators, put off in a boat and rescued the man from his peril. The mute was pretty well frightened, but he soon recovered and motioned the oarsmen to row back for his hat. When this was recovered and he gained the shore, he expressed his warmest thanks in writing. —Springfield Republican, July 31.

PROF. BELL'S THEORY.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In writing in a previous letter of the necessity of some one rising up to handle Prof. Bell's false theory of hereditary deafness without gloves, and tearing it to tatters, as it ought to be done, I forgot to add that if any one undertakes the work, it should be done before the same body of men who had listened to the paper on the "Formation of a Deaf Variety of the Human Race." It would not do as much to dispel the public illusions that Prof. Bell has created to read the reply at a convention of teachers of the deaf, nor to publish it in the *Annals*. No; the place for it is a meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, where Prof. Bell's theories gained such a wide notoriety. The men of science, who had listened to the astonishing story of the evolution of a deaf race, from the lips of the originator, must hear how much the theory is founded upon reason or justice. Then and there, the real motives of Prof. Bell's, in thus trying to impress the world with this false theory, ought to be publicly exposed. These motives stand forth clearly in the Memoir, for didn't the professor claim at the close, after all his wrong deductions had been made, that the only remedy or preventative against this formation of a deaf race, which he imagined by a wide stretch of the inventive faculty that he had proved, lay in levelling deaf-mute institutions to the ground and educating the deaf-mutes in the public schools in common with the hearing people—an impossible method of education? The public may not see the connection between the two theories, but the teachers of the deaf can read between the lines and see clearly what Prof. Bell has been aiming at. It seems to me nothing less than a rule or ruin policy, by which the deaf-mutes are to be remorselessly ground between the mill stones of theory and practice.

It is strange that Prof. Bell should have persisted in recommending this remedy of co-education in the public schools, when his figures show that more deaf children are born to the union of hearing and deaf-mute people (for that is the practice he wishes to establish as an effect of co-education) than to marriages between themselves! It is stranger still that Prof. Fay, who pointed out this curious proportion, did not use it as an argument on the fallacy of the theory. Yet such is the fact. Not long ago, Prof. Bell took the liberty of instructing the public upon the "Fallacies concerning the Deaf," but his own theory carries away the palm for absurdity and nonsense.

Prof. Bell claims to be sustained by the records of deaf-mute institutions, but his assertions do not seem to be borne out by the facts. Take as a sample the following from the Ontario Institution: "Prof. Mathison's experience leads him to oppose the argument that there will be a deaf-mute variety of the human race, and that intermarriage must perpetuate the race. Six hundred and sixty-one (what a large number!) children have attended the Belleville Institution, and the records show that not a single parent (what I not a single one out of 661?) of these children is deaf and dumb." * * * Of those who have been at the institution and have intermarried, it has not been learned that one of their offspring is deaf and dumb! Whew! Is that really so? Then what becomes of Prof. Bell's pet theory? It is a sad thing to contemplate the downfall of so elaborate a *chateau en Espagne*. The race does not seem even to have a local habitation and a name upon God's footstool. The *Toronto Globe*, from which the above parts referring to the Belleville Institution was copied, comments as follows: "These facts would seem to indicate that intermarriage among the deaf-mutes is not the means of bringing into the world children similarly affected, and that deaf and dumb children are usually the offspring of hearing and speaking persons. Therefore, deaf-mutes in Ontario, at least, (and for that matter, in the world, too) may continue to marry and be given in marriage with no fear of the statistics before their eyes, whatever may be the experience in other communities."

Prof. Bell should go and investigate that defiant institution, "which has no fear of his statistics," before he undertakes to re-assert his theories. It may interest Prof. Bell to know that here in Utah, his fond theory of co-education has been in practice for four years. The Deaf-Mute Institute is one of the departments of the University of Deseret on the same footing as the Literary, Scientific, and other departments. The Principal is a member of the Faculty, and is always treated as such by the President of the University and Board of Regents. The school work is carried on within the walls of the University, and the deaf-mute pupils mingle on equal terms in social friendship with the students of both sexes. They are admitted to the privileges of the Library, and take part in the hops or other parties. Are the benefits in this case greater than in other institutions of the deaf? Well, from a social point of view, there is certainly an improvement in the manners and spirit of the pupils. One pupil, a young man of twenty-one, has taken unto himself, for a wife, a hearing young lady, while one young lady has become third or fourth wife of a hearing man, and another has married a deaf-mute, whose hearing wife died. You see I am fair enough with you to tell the truth, though these facts seem to bear out your theory of co-education. You must bear in mind that I am not saying anything against co-education, except where you use it as an argument in favor of your theory

of mixed marriages as a preventative against the propagation of deafness among the human race. If you desire to know the advantages or disadvantages of co-education in Utah, you must ask Dr. J. R. Park, the President of the University, about it, or come yourself and investigate it in *propria persona*. On the other hand, your theory of hereditary deafness does not seem to find any base of support in Utah as far as I know. There are many cases of three or more deaf-mutes in the same family here, but all the parents are hearing, and all the married deaf-mutes have hearing children. There is a funny instance, which will confound the theory and its originator. It is this. *An educated mute from Germany had several deaf-mute children by a hearing wife, and after she died, he married a deaf-mute woman, who bore him children who, to this very day, can hear and speak.* Did any one ever hear of such a combination of circumstances that knocks Prof. Bell's theory higher than a kite.

In the JOURNAL, by a typographical error, the phrase "our mild climate," in my last letter, was made to read "our wild climate." This was an unpardonable slur upon fair Utah, and as a sort of expiation, the following description by a noted Washington correspondent is offered for the benefit of Eastern people, who are half-frozen by the icy blasts of Winter and half-roasted by the scorching rays of the sun in Summer. (In this connection, I may add that the temperature of the winter of 1886 was never below twelve degrees above zero, and then only for two or three days, as we know from the thermometer at our house, and I may say with perfect truth that Utah has the best all-the-year-round climate in the world—no extremes of cold or heat.)

Frank G. Carpenter, who recently started on a tour of the world, in the interest of a number of the leading journals of the country, writes to the *New York World* concerning this city as follows: "The climate here is so perfect that the city, viewed from a height, has the appearance of an immense and beautiful garden. Of Salt Lake City's commercial importance I shall have something to say at a future time."

Nature has here lavished her choicest gifts whereby the eyes of her devoted followers shall be made to sparkle with delight and to linger in loving devotion upon the magnificent proportion and sublime effects of divine architecture.

The Great Salt Lake, the Dead Sea of the continent, into the briny waters of which the mountain torrents pour their burdens of melted snow; this vast interior sea, with depths walled in by mountains of granite, and the waves of which break on a forested beach at their sloping base; the broad expanse of water, ever receiving tribute from the reservoirs above, but having no outlet but the great deeps of the ocean; the lake, bordered by the grandeur of the mountains which bound the horizon on every side, a local historian credits him with having voiced the sentiments expressed by Byron:

What heaven hath done for this delicious land.

I doubt if there is anywhere a scene that can equal this picture among the hills. The silent snow-tipped mountains inspire awe; the contemplation of the luxuriant valley, bathed in light and shadow, is suggestive of peace and happiness. It is certain that nowhere in this country is the climate more delightful than here? In summer the moist atmosphere of the lake, but the dry atmosphere practically reduces the effect of several degrees. The nights are always cool. It is to me a very strange thing that this beautiful spot, so rich and fertile, upon American soil, should have been so long drawing that attention of the world which its natural beauties and attractions so justly demand, and will, I know, eventually command.

H. C. W.

STRUCK TO DEATH.

JAMES STEWART, A DEAF-MUTE, RIN DOWN AND KILLED BY A FREIGHT TRAIN—HE FAILS TO HEAR THE WARNING SIGNALS OF THE ENGINE, AND SUFFERS DEATH.

(Sedalia, Mo., Democrat.)

James Stewart, a deaf-mute shoemaker, was run over and killed by the third section of freight train No. 512, north bound, about 8 o'clock last evening, at Beaman the third station north of Sedalia, on the M., K. & T. The train was in charge of conductor Ernest Small, with Kirk Palmer as the engineer.

Mr. Stewart had been to the residence of Judge Beaman, near the village, and was returning with a bucket of milk. He was walking along the middle of the track, going toward the station, when the train came up behind him. The fireman rang the engine bell, the engineer blew his whistle and tried to attract the attention of the man. Stewart being entirely deaf and walking with his back towards the train, did not know of its near approach. The train was running at the ordinary rate of speed for freight trains, and when the pilot struck Stewart, it threw him to one side, the blow killing him instantly.

B. W. Harned and Isaiah McFarland saw the accident, and hastened to Stewart's side but found him dead, with a wound in the back of his head, and one side badly bruised. The body was picked up and taken to his late home, where friends gathered about and made it ready for burial.

Mr. Stewart was a shoemaker, and had lived at Beaman for a number of years. He leaves a wife and three daughters, ranging from 5 to 12 years.

Coroner Overstreet was notified this morning, and held an inquest with a verdict in accordance with the above facts. The funeral occurred this afternoon, Mr. Stewart's remains being interred in the Beaman cemetery.

The Sunday (Providence, R. I.) Journal, of July 29th, says: "Doubtless, some of the clubs in the League would like to drop some of their bowlers and substitute mutes like the dashing and brilliant Hoy, of the Washingtons, who is making a splendid record as a base-runner, batsman and fielder."

GROVE, PARK AND BRANCH.

Personal Gossip.

SAYINGS OF THE WILD WAVES.

When I first came to Asbury Park, I was both astonished and pleased to meet so many deaf-mutes on the seaside, and this caused me to take up my pen to chronicle the happenings of deaf-mutes around here.

Miss Ida L. Woodall's home, in Long Branch, was broken into and entered by unknown men, and she lost some valuable jewelry. She vowed that hereafter, if any gentleman of burglarious proclivities should find it pleasant to put his foot in her room, he would be a dead man on the spot. She is now busy rendering her room burglar-proof, and secured a pug dog to be used as re-enforcement, and a tiny but dangerous weapon—the revolver. She declared herself ready to be frightened—er—I mean, spring a surprise on the aforesaid gentleman.

On Tuesday evening, I sat myself on a bench, on the great board-walk, built on the sand for the accommodation of the guests, to enjoy watching the throng of pretty and laughing girls and sturdy-limbed young fellows, and while thus occupied, my eyes fell on a tall gentleman, with a full gray beard, walking leisurely, and I recognized him as Mr. William O. Fitzgerald, of New York. I rose and walked to him and took his hand. Somewhat surprised, she shaded his eyes with the disengaged hand and peered into my unblinking face, this he was forced to, owing to the glare of an electric lamp just aloft, and he, in turn, recognized me. He gripped my hand with such force that I winced not a little. Though in a well-advanced age, his face was sun-burnt, which indicated that an umbrella was not worthy of his hand to carry. He nearly staggered me, when he told me that he caught only two crabs down in the Shark River, about two miles away. Why was it so named? I believe, because there are no sharks found in it. He had also several more fish stories, the truth of which was not a bit stretched, and they all are warranted genuine. We then set out on a search expedition, Mr. Fitzgerald wishing to meet his wife, and succeeded in finding that estimable lady engaged in conversation with another lady, who was no other than Mrs. Rev. Gallaudet. Mr. Fitzgerald and his wife are stopping at the Neptune, and Mrs. Gallaudet and daughter at the House of the Good Shepherd, both in Asbury Park.

The next day, Mr. Fitzgerald and I took a tramp up the beach, the former to pick up pretty shells, in order, like a good husband, to cater to his better half's whims. But the chief object of our walk was to visit the Life-Saving Station in Deal Beach, just north of Asbury Park, and while on the way, we were greeted with a sight of two huge umbrellas on a waste sand, and we were about to ascertain what the contents were to gratify our inquisitiveness, we were rather non-plussed, when a face bobbed up. Its owner proved to be Miss Bessie Gallaudet, and with her were two young sisters, Misses Sarah and Edith. Miss Bessie is to depart for Europe, on August 4th, with several friends.

We resumed our tramp on the burning sand, which did not bother us in the least, as a strong and delightful breeze swept past us from across the ocean. At last, we arrived at the Life-Saving Station, and we were disappointed to find the doors locked, and not a soul was seen thereabouts. Mr. Fitzgerald looked up and down the building critically, particularly the webs that ornamented the corners, and being a Government employe himself, found this opportunity to pour out words that were not very complimentary to the Congress of the United States, in the line of giving appropriations evidently to satisfy a grudge of his against the Custom House, which allowed him only a two weeks' furlough, as he and his wife were so delighted with the salt air, that they wished to stay longer.

Mrs. Gallaudet and her two youngest daughters left here yesterday for a few days, and then go to the more aristocratic sea-shore at Narragansett Pier, where they will remain for three weeks.

On Wednesday afternoon, when I was taking a stroll aimlessly along the breakers, lost in a brown study, I espied a gray helmet and a Grecian beard beneath, but I was somehow struck with its familiarity, and on approaching nearer, found the things mentioned belonged to Mr. William Hutton, who was at the head of the committee that took charge of the Gallaudet Home Excursion. We shook hands, and he introduced me to a lady, that sat by crocheting something, and she was Mrs. Emily Koit, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The lady has a sister, who owns a cottage in Asbury Park. She and Mr. Hutton had just returned from Philadelphia, where they attended the last excursion, and then went to Atlantic City and other adjacent resorts. They went home Thursday.

I had been amused with the strong anxiety of Mr. Hutton to meet Mr. Fitzgerald, and the equally strong anxiety of Mr. Fitzgerald to meet Mr. Hutton, though I met the one or the other very often, yet the gentlemen had no chance to meet each other. They went home with an exchange of cigars.

Mr. Samuel Frankenheim, his father and two sisters, Misses Carrie and Lulu, are stopping at the East End Villa, North Asbury Park.

GIDDY GUSHER.

July 29, 1888.

FANWOOD.

A Week of Visitors and Picnics.

VACATION NOTES.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

Miss May Martin went to Mount Kisco, N. Y., last Monday, to spend a week or so with her classmate, Mabella Fish. Miss Martin is in hopes of gaining extra avoirdupois before she returns.

Margaret Bogatiska, who had been on a visit to her relatives in Brooklyn for two weeks, returned to the Institution, last Sunday. She reported having a very pleasant time.

Martin Glynn made his chum, Wilbur Bowers, a delightful visit in Brooklyn on the Sabbath.

About twenty boys who had not been on the Gallaudet Excursion of the 2d of last month, went to Bowery Bay Beach in charge of Mr. Brundell, our new supervisor, through the kindness of our superintendent, Mr. C. N. Brainerd, last Saturday.

Our Sabbath visitors were Messrs. Joseph and Moses Changnon, Schmidt, Stauch, Brown and Egan, and Misses Mary Changnon and Eva Freeholder.

A Bayville gentleman witnessed the Saturday base ball game between the Brooklyn and Kansas City Clubs. His heart was full of gladness in seeing the former easily defeated the latter. Holbert, one of the catchers of the Brooklyn Club, said that his club would, no doubt, capture the pennant, before the ball season closes.

Louis Gehring, a former pupil of the Institution, was seen witnessing the game in the Washington Park.

It is reported that Prof. T. T. Fox will be married to Miss Ella Dillingham some time this month. If it be true, they have sincere congratulations of their many friends in the Institution.

Messrs. Henry Baerman and Andy McDonald, members of the Fanwood Coaching Club, honored us with a Monday visit. In the evening they took a pleasant pull in the "Ariel" with Messrs. "Slug 14," Carman, Hanson, Tyler, Carman and Vernon to Fort Lee. There the visitors generously treated the boys with a refreshing beverage. A. Baxter and his brother were also with the party.

Henry Frederick Middleton Pace and Christian Emmanuel Vernon, both formerly of England, are contending with each other in playing dominoes every day after dinner. Henry claims that he wins more games than Christian does.

Wilbur Bowers contemplates going to Albany with his brother on a sloop in one or two weeks.

"Sir Philip Sidney," of Brooklyn, is very proud of living next to the house of Holbert, the well-known ball player. "Sir Sidney" expects to obtain important information from him about how to become a very good player.

Five feet of bricks of the giant chimney in the Institution engine-house are to be taken away, and twenty-five feet will be added to the chimney, which when finished will measure ninety feet.

In the barber shop, there was a hot debate on the subject of "Politics" before the Silentia Club last week. The debaters were Messrs. Carman, Tyler, Hanson and Glynn.

Archie Baxter and his brother were accompanied by the members of the Silentia Club last Monday. The former says that his mother wanted him to be promoted into the printing office, when school re-opens.

Harvey P. Peet, who has lost one of his arms from being cut off by the wheels of the cars in Philadelphia last winter, came here last week. He says that he was born in West Africa, and graduated from an English school.

Messrs. Ira W. Tyler and M. Glynn will probably go to the Polo Grounds, and witness the great game between the New Yorks and Detroits some Saturday in this month.

Max Miller, better known as "Uncle Max," who is working on his "case" every day except Saturday, wrote to the *Evening Sun*, saying: "Max Miller would like to join any club, whose players are under seventeen years of age. Max Miller, 104 Allen Street." He thinks that he will probably join a club this week.

"Slug 13" and "Slug 14" had an ice cream and apple-pie party at Mr. Booth's Confectionery last Sunday. They had a joyful time, but were tired and sleepy, having on the previous day attended the picnic at Broadway Park.

"Slug 9" claimed himself as champion domino player among the pupils who remained here during the vacation. A few days ago he played with "Slug 13." The game was an interesting and hot contest, and was continued nearly two hours. But the latter beat him easily by ten points.

It is a genuine surprise not only to the classmates of Mr. William F. Dnrian, formerly a student of the most advanced class here, but also to the teachers and officers, to learn that he has recently entered into matrimony with Miss Fanny Goreth, a young deaf-mute lady, who was one of Miss Ida Montgomery's pupils. Warmest congratulations and may good fortune attend them, is the heartfelt desire of all here who know them. The will of the late John Clearwater, which was contested by relatives, and was defended by his son Edward, has been admitted to probate.

Mr. George S. Porter was in the ancient city of Kingston, Canada, last Monday. He then went to the Thou-

sands Islands, and will return to duty here on Monday next.

Clerk Greenleaf returned from a month's sojourn in the Far West on Tuesday, and on the same day Mr. Crittenden started for Alexandria Bay, from whence he will go to the Adirondacks for about three weeks.

Miss Jennie Williams has returned here from a vacation of two weeks, to resume her duties.

Last Tuesday, Miss Prudence Lewis, having done some shopping in the metropolis, proceeded to Oxford, N. Y., where she will remain for two weeks or so.

WILLIS ELLIS.

Nashua, N. H.

Three weeks ago, on Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Aurelia Duprez went home, after visiting at E. H. French's home. While she was walking and had almost reached her home on Marshall Street, suddenly two black and grey dogs frightened her by jumping at her and tried to bite her, but she protected herself with her parasol, till the owner came and stopped them. Her life is all right, but the parasol is very badly damaged. The dogs' owner was obliged to buy a new parasol, that cost three dollars.

There was a baseball game yesterday afternoon, between the Gregg & Son and the Indian Head Mill nines. The former nine won by 17 to 14. The deaf-mute attendants were Messrs. F. P. Blodgett, E. R. Gay, F. Damon, and J. Duprez. The Gregg & Son Club has won seven and lost one game. They will play the Belvidere Club next week, Saturday, and then the Indian Heads, on Saturday, August 18th.

Last July 4th, Mr. Fish came here from Dublin, N. H., to visit us during his vacation.

Two weeks ago, E. H. French got another mute boy, thirteen years old, named Charles Carson, to attend school with Mr. Felix Sampson's son next September.

There will be a good excursion to Rocky Point next Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Duprez will go there, and will visit their relatives and deaf-mutes over Sunday.

On July 21st, in the morning, Mrs. E. E. French went home to South Windham, Maine, to visit her parents, for a few weeks' vacation. She hopes that she will have a good time and meet many deaf-mutes there.

Mr. F. P. Blodgett will go to Boston Beach to-morrow, on account of stock taking for one week.

This week, F. Damon will go to Kennebunkport, Me., with E. R. Gay, for a vacation of one or two weeks.

We expect that Mr. E. Edwards, of Illinois, is coming here soon, from Portland, to stay for a few weeks, before going to Brattleboro, Vt. He may attend the New England Convention, August 19th, 20th and 21st.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

July 29, 1888.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION.

The Convention (itself) of the N. E. Gallaudet Association does not open till Monday, August 20th, at ten o'clock A.M.

The Committee of Arrangements have included in the programme Sunday services, that those who wish to attend may be benefited thereby. The advantage of Sunday services is that it brings mutes favorably before the public, who cannot very well attend on any other day.

The following is the programme of the Convention itself:

FIRST DAY'S SESSION, MONDAY, AUGUST 20.

- 1 Prayer.
- 2 Address of Welcome, by the Mayor.
- 3 Address of the President.
- 4 Reports of the officers.
- 5 Recess until two o'clock P.M.
- 6 Social Reunion at eight o'clock P.M.

SECOND DAY'S SESSION, TUESDAY, AUGUST 21.

- 8 Prayer.
- 9 Transaction of unfinished business.
- 10 Enrollment of members.
- 11 A paper on Life Insurance, by Mr. W. H. Weeks.
- 12 Committee on election.
- 13 Election of officers.

As there is a playground with enclosure, at Bellows Falls, it is suggested there be a baseball game played on Wednesday, August 22d. The proceeds to be kept for the relief of the needy poor among deaf-mutes. An excursion to Fairy Dell would be very much enjoyed.

W. H. WEEKS, President.

Picnic at Baltimore.

The Tenth Annual Picnic of the Deaf-Mutes of Maryland will be held at Druid Hill Park, Baltimore, Thursday, August 9th. All will be welcome to the picnic, to spend the day in social enjoyment and recreation.

NOTICE.

The Deaf-Mutes' Picnic at Lake-wood, on Chautauque Lake, is canceled, because of some misunderstanding concerning the place. Another place may be selected at an early date.

NEW YORK.

The Brooklyn Boys Eclipse Themselves.

THEIR PICNIC HIGHLY ENJOYED, WITH AN ATTENDANCE OF 800.

Its Details as Seen by Gaslight.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Great strides have been made in rapid transit facilities in the City of Churches during the past year, and a large part of that city which hitherto was left to Nature's own sweet will, has been supplanted by many cosy and substantial dwelling houses.

With this facility in transportation and increase in building has also grown the population. Among the latter may be counted some six hundred or seven hundred silent people, who, to all appearances, are as happy and contented in their every day lives as any class of deaf-mutes in the United States.

For some six or seven years there has been in existence among them a highly popular literary organization known as the Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes. Its members are composed of the city's most intelligent young men, and the entertainments held under its auspices have in every instance been highly enjoyable occasions.

Among these have been its annual picnic. The last to take place was that given on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, July 28th, at Broadway Park, Brooklyn. To say it was both largely attended and enjoyable, is not the best of any of its predecessors, would be but faint praise for the Arrangement Committee, who did everything in their power to further that end.

During the afternoon, the attendance reached some one hundred, composed of the members of the Society with their wives, sweethearts, children and intimate friends.

A group of forty or fifty individuals pounced (Indian style) upon Photographer Douglas, who chased away a flock of geese and ducks from a picturesque site in the park, set his camera, used the usual tactics in making the spooning young man, inclining toward the young lady sitting alongside of him hold up his head, and with a few other preliminary tactics, the job was done quicker than a wink, and later on those who fell under the influence of Douglas' camera, and others who desire, can purchase the pictures at fifty cents.

Other diversities, such as the merry-go-round, the swings, throwing the cane-ring, try your strength with a sixteen-pound hammer, and a little dancing helped make the time pass unnoticed. The setting of the sun, with the shadows of darkness, and the absence of Prof. Sause's men from the orchestra gallery, recalled to mind the fact that there was such a luxury as supper.

Some did go to supper, others kept on with the fun, the space around the dancing platform rapidly filled up with new-comers, and with the re-appearance of the musicians, the lights shed their rays on at least four hundred couples, eager for the commencement of the "Promenade to our Friends," followed by fourteen dances comprising the second part of the programme.

The march was led by Floor Manager Chas. E. Green, escorting Miss Taylor, a brunette in white. Following them there were Assistant Manager John F. O'Brien and escort, Miss Caddie B. Felver, right behind came dignified President Juhring, escorting the blushing young bride, Mrs. Robt. Patterson, whose debut in Brooklyn's deaf-mute society has been hailed with the greatest pleasure by her large circle of acquaintance.

Behind followed scores of other couples. Some were deaf-mutes of vote. Others were their hearing friends. Very few were strangers. They had been present at a deaf-mute gathering before. There were representatives of all the societies in Brooklyn, New York, Hoboken, Jersey City, and even Newark.

Fair young misses, in bright-hued summer dresses, leaped on the arms of fine looking young men wearing nobby straw and derby hats. The appearance of all in the line bespoke then to be an intelligent and prosperous class.

The march was ably conducted, Floor Manager Green breaking it up and beginning the first lancers with his face suffused with blushes, the result of a general round of applause from those who occupied the seats as spectators.

A gentleman in light trousers, dark coat, and a pearl gray derby, that failed to conceal a head of fine proportions around which clustered a growth of curly black hair, wore a blue badge with gold trimmings, having indented thereon "Chairman Floor Committee." The young lady standing alongside of him was a becoming blonde dressed in blue, who, as she tripped through the lancers, would say, "Oh, George!" He was George L. Reynolds.

His assistants wore blue badges also, differing only in silver trimmings, and minus the word "Chairman." They were Chas. T. Schindler, who

had all he could do escaping the watchful eyes of his little wife, as he helped less fortunate men than himself secure partners.

Arch. J. McLaren, a member of the society for one year, and one that promises to bring credit to its roll, unless he is entrusted with the funds. His acquaintance with Canada, should be considered before such an honor is conferred on him. As an escort, Miss Streiner condescended with him after attending to the needs of the floor.

And "whoop-er-up" Hutton failed to conceal his handsome beard beneath his great Stanley hat. He was assumed as a ball player, having just returned from a two weeks' sojourn in Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Ocean Grove and thereabouts. Mrs. Emily Kelit occupied his spare moments.

The audacious smile of Henry Stengele, one of the pillars of the society, looked down on a badge of cherry red, trimmed with gold, bearing "Chairman Reception Committee." His duties were not irksome, as every body made themselves at home, which allowed his attending to the needs of Mrs. Stengele and little Harry, a bright chip of the old block.

His assistants were Sylvanus B. Smith, who proved an efficient aid, and held the attention of the majority of the ladies present.

Old James Ryer acted like a young man again, and danced a break down in a lively fashion, much to the gratification of Mrs. Ryer, who now wears his committee badge.

Behind him on the programme came Dan Minihan, who forgot for the moment he did not live in Brooklyn, so happy was he introducing his acquaintances to his newly made wife, nee Miss Eva M. Batz. The ceremony took place on July 4th, Mrs. Minihan's bright smile was ample assurance of her happiness.

Next came "Genial" Tom Godfrey, the same Tom as of old, with the exception of a slight look of regret at the absence of somebody. Late in the evening, a broad smile illumined his intelligent countenance from the fact over \$30 remained as the profits of the picnic. Miss Hannah Henry was generally not far distant.

Every reader of the JOURNAL knows the names of the Arrangement Committee. Chairman Dezendorf's good pair of legs served to bear his well-stocked and steady head. His efforts were well rewarded by the successful termination of the event. Mrs. Dezendorf managed the heir-apparent.

Jake Swartz likewise did yeoman service in the matter of arrangements, was the recipient of many congratulations. His wife's smile proved the greatest pleasure.

Although a Frenchman by birth, Alex. Batailly's services in the same direction proved his capability as an engineer of such an entertainment. In every day vocation, he is a capital machinist in the employ of R. Hoe & Co. His handsome wife enjoyed the occasion in a quiet way, in company with several lady friends.

Mrs. President Juhring occupied herself while her spouse led Mrs. Patterson through the promenade chattering on the coming fall campaigns with Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Wm. Campbell, Mrs. Sweeney, and one or two other ladies.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap caused many expressions of pleasure by their presence. Little Rob Dunlap wanted supper before he left for home, and "Dad" had to accommodate. Should he enter the hat business, he will be an honor to his uncle, after whom he is named. Mrs. Dunlap chatted gaily with old acquaintances, her little girl receiving a larger share of the attention of those she chatted with.

Editor Hodgson came early and left ditto, in company with Prof. T. F. Fox. Rochester will have both during convention week.

Prof. Fox will not visit the convention alone. He will be accompanied by a most accomplished and charming young lady, who is soon to become his bride. The happy event takes place August 8th.

It was only proper a smile should cover the face of I. N. Soper, for was not Miss Lizzie Brinck there looking her best in a nobby black and white jacket.

The German Club(?) could not have been better represented than by Lord Rotter, who just returned from Europe. M. Loewenstein, who expects not long hence to cross the ocean, and several others.

Anthony Capelli, bound to the irresistible Miss Lucy Schiff deigned to smile, and between dances, with the assistance of Aid Eschert, who played possum under the of charms of Miss Langwitz, distributed checks requesting folks to put them in their vest pockets and remember the event of the season, the picnic of the Hoboken Park, August 28th. They will, if they care for a good time.

Billy McVea paid court to "Little Buttercup" Ella Taylor, in a jaunty lawn tennis waist, while Charley Jastram journeyed from Newark and captured the smile of modest and graceful Edith Averill.

Boss Pratt, Mr. Patterson, Wm. L. Waters, Sam McClelland, and several others, married and unmarried men, held a pow-wow over the respective abilities of the Presidential candidates. Col. Tresch assisted.

The Misses Emma Kline and Williamson were much sought after in the lancers, and Misses Parker and Lackas shared likewise, while Miss Sarah Whollan said it was perfectly delightful. Her brother was also there.

Crackshot Kohlmetz forgot to bring the medal he won, much to the regret of the sporting fraternity. His attentions were held by Miss Dora Abel.

Mr. Jas. F. Donnelly took the occasion in with a smile a yard long. Mrs. Donnelly and baby were also

present. The latter go for a month's recuperation next week to Binghamton, N. Y. Jim's duties as foreman requires his special attention, so he tries the experience of a grass widower.

Mrs. Frank Roberts, looking the picture of health, made her presence felt, and left in company with friends in Brooklyn, with whom she had been spending a few days. She visits Connecticut again before the season is over.

Mrs. W. Frey talked over school-days with former schoolmates at Fanwood, and was escorted home by "hubby," who dropped in during the evening.

Johnny Lloyd, Jr., and Mrs. Lloyd, accompanied by Miss Daisy Finn and Miss Nellie Kelly, the belle of East New York, as also Miss Annie Doyle, sat for their picture and dined a half-dozen lancers.

The Strattons turned up in full force. There was Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stratton, and Punch and Judy Stratton, and there was Tom. Brown, B. S., with Miss Lizzie Jones, Clown Donohue with an endless number of young ladies, Theo. I. Lounsbury, who whistled "The Girl I Left Behind me," the two Pezara Brothers, looking like two English gentlemen, English in dress, gentlemanly in manner, and in fact, good samples of what a stay in England of two or three years will effect.

Tom Holland and Charley Vetterlein captured a host of pretty girls by their manoeuvres, while Bobbly Shelton, Wm. Gilbert, W. Slattery, W. Greer, discussed baseball and the fine showing of the Giants. Who! Philadelphia, how's that for you; three straight, and six straight in one week.

Louis Morris smiled benignly on Miss Sturmwald, while Barney Gallagher and Phil Rosenocker entertained several blushing misses from New York, and Wm. Allen demonstrated his ability to outdo any other deaf-mute in waltzing, by the score of hearing lady partners he captured.

Mr. Leary, of Tarrytown, was accompanied by his wife, as was also Mr. Stevenson and baby, and each had a long story for all they met, and we will say right here there were others with names as prominent, who had longer, but who they were our inactive memory fails to recall.

Passing through the gate about a quarter to twelve was a young lady of white horse fame, and then, too, the last car to the bridge had her favorite attached. We looked around for "Uncle Jim." He was asked for through the day. Saratoga had him, and thus the sorrow of more than one young miss. This incident ended the Fifth Annual Picnic of the Brooklyn Society, the best on record in its history, and with the hope the others to come will be as enjoyable, we will say—were there too.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

NORTH CAROLINA DOTS.

Frank Lindsay ("Atwell"), of Kernersville, N. C., is visiting his father, Prof. S. C. Lindsay, Principal of the High Point Classical Institute at High Point, N. C.

We are reliably informed that there will be a deaf-mute wedding in North Carolina shortly. We must withhold to mention their names.

Peter L. Ray, Esq., of Greensboro, N. C., is now recreating at Warm Springs, N. C., probably the most magnificent city in the State. He has our best wishes for a pleasant time and a safe return.

Prof. E. M. Goodwin, at one time teacher of our own State Institution, but now of the Council Bluffs (Iowa) Institution, is now taking a two months' vacation at his old home in Raleigh, N. C. He will return about September 1st, to resume his duties.

We see it reported that Walter Bingham, the slayer of Miss Lizzie Turlington, had been lurking in the mountains, near Asheville, N. C. This must be a mistake, for Bingham is no more.

Miss Minnie Norris, of Holly Springs, N. C., who was on a visit to relatives in Moore County recently, had the misfortune of having had her head struck against the pane of a window and caught by the window, receiving a severe injury. It was said to be a very narrow escape, or she would probably have been killed, had she not called for assistance.

The Penn family, of Reidsville, N. C., are now living in Danville, Va., for some time. The departure of the charming Miss Mary Penn is a cause of deep regret to many gallant young men, especially our jolly bachelor, Mr. —, who bade her good bye with an aching heart, when the train moved off.

Jas. H. Lindsay, who has been editor of the Kernersville News and Farm for several years, has discontinued his newspaper, on account of having accepted the position of teacher in the Virginia Institution, at Staunton, Va. Mrs. Lindsay went to Morehead City last week, to attend the meeting of the North Carolina Press Association, of which he is Secretary. We learn that he left Morehead City sick, and was accompanied by a large number of newspaper men on his way to Washington City.

It is reported that the deaf-mutes were sorry that Prof. J. W. Michaels, of the Arkansas Institution, was defeated, Mr. J. H. Lindsay, of North Carolina, having been unanimously elected teacher, to take the place of the late Dr. Turner, son of the well-known Rev. Job Turner. Mr. Lindsay was not an applicant for the place, and it was a high compliment to him. He possesses the knowledge of the sign-language, and we doubt not, will make a fine teacher.

SIR WHEELER.

CINCINNATI.

More About the Silent Club's Picnic.

MEETING OF THE ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Great Picnic. August 12.

MINOR NEWS.

(From our Cincinnati Correspondent.)

Mr. W. F. Murphy, a mute of Fayetteville, Brown Co., Ohio, dropped in on us last week.

Mr. Ersinger, of New Jersey, was visiting friends here for about three weeks, and departed for San Francisco, Cal., the other day.

Mrs. Long, of Flaggs Springs, Ky., was in town visiting her husband last week.

Joseph Lawson, who has not been feeling well for some time, departed last week for his home at Flaggs Springs, Ky., to recuperate.

Mr. Otis Vance, wife and child, left for Paducah, Ky., last Wednesday. It is not known whether he will return to attend the Anderson picnic, August 18th, or not.

Several of the Newport, Ky., mutes hold weekly watermelon parties at E. A. Anderson's barber shop, and the way they make the luscious fruit disappear, would make a "coon" turn green with envy.

Mr. C. H. Thomas delivered a very interesting lecture on the habits of bees, birds and animals of the air, to the Anderson Society last Saturday night. It was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

Work on the Covington and Cincinnati railroad bridge is progressing rapidly, having put up all the iron work to the pier near the Covington, Ky., shore. When mutes from a distance visit this city, they should not forget to take a walk down to the river, and inspect the work, as it is the sight of a life-time. About ten or twelve persons have already been killed on it, and now, when it advances farther out, the mortality is expected to be greater. We do not know if any mutes are working on it or not.

Mr. Alfred Bierlein will spend his vacation in Toledo, Ohio, but will return in time for the picnic.

Great regret is expressed among the mutes here that knew Mr. Jacob Wilhoite, of his death in Louisville, Ky., as he was an especial favorite with all that knew him.

In the Louisville letter, we read about Mr. Marcosson failing to get cases on the Courier Journal, on account of his deafness. If Mr. Marcosson should join the union, he would be entitled to hold cases on any union paper. About the foreman objecting is all bosh, as from personal experience and a great deal of inspection, the writer is of the opinion that mutes make the best compositors out. But some mutes and tramps that have been two or three years at the trade, and imagine they know all about the trade, get a job, and play the devil generally, and consequently the foreman is prejudiced against them, and his office is closed to them.

Will the Louisville correspondent write often to the JOURNAL, as his letters are very interesting.

Mr. Frank Christman is expected to arrive here soon from Danville, Ky.

The Executive Committee of the Anderson picnic held a meeting last Saturday, and all necessary details were arranged and each member of the committee instructed in his part, and it is safe to say that this picnic will pass off without a hitch. So many tickets have been sold that the society had to have a second edition run off. The one selling the most tickets will be presented with a handsome and expensive present. There will be no drinks or fights like at the Silent Club's picnic, as all the people that will attend are respectable, and neither did they have to cast their tickets broadcast to draw a crowd.

When strangers arrive to attend the picnic, and when up at the Highland House, they should not fail to visit Eden Park and the Art Gallery, which is conceded to be one of the finest in the United States, and it is only five minutes' walk from the picnic grounds. Also one of the handsome things done in the form of an arch in front of Mabley S. Caren's stores at Fountain Square and Vine street. It is lit up every night, and is a fine promenading ground. Also an other attraction is the cable cars, in which, for five cents, you can get a ride of nearly two miles out in the finest suburbs in the United States.

MORE ABOUT THE SILENT CLUB.

E. O. Herr & Co. (the Silent Club) thought they would change their headquarters from the post-office square, so after deciding whereabouts a good place was, they proceeded in a body to the banks of the raging canal near Elm street, and after obstructing that thoroughfare for a couple of nights, they were chased from there to other headquarters by the police. "Free Lance" says the object of the club picnic was to raise money to furnish a club room, and to keep the boys out of the saloons. When they had a club room at 222 Main street, they were so busy "rushing the growler," they could not attend to the other business, consequently they collapsed. The proceeds from the late picnic, seems

to have gone into E. O. Herr, Thos. McHale, and a few other of the larger boys' pockets, from the way they are spending money just at present. In regard to their being pulled on account of playing poker, originated in the brain of the Kentucky Deaf-Mute correspondent. Geo. Duffie was not the writer of that article, and if "Free Lance" intimates it was, in his letter, he tells an untruth. The writer of that article is not afraid to have his name published, and if it is wished he will let it be so. But they were cautioned in their own rooms, when all members were present, by a policeman that they would be pulled if any gaming was allowed on the premises. The reason "Free Lance" has such a hatred of the Anderson Society is because he was asked to resign. The object of the society is mutual improvement, and not meeting and talking about things that neither improve nor instruct, like the Silent Club. About the members of the Anderson Society being forbidden to attend is not so, and he knows it. The gentlemen that went there, went on their own accord, but will be please take notice, they became disgusted at the many drunks and fights, and left the place and returned in time for the festival. The club boys always try every night, when they meet the society boys, to raise a fight, but as the society boys are respectable, they pay no attention to them.

TROY, N. Y.

It would seem to those abroad very much as if this city had been in ruins, like the once famous city of the same name, for the reason that nothing has been heard of it since a year ago, when we went on our ever-memorable excursion to the Gallaudet Home. But such is not the case. Every thing remains about the same as before, with a few exceptions. One is the death of our beloved friend, Mrs. Atkins, which occurred last winter, after much suffering and a long illness. The pallbearers were all mute gentlemen, namely: Messrs. W. T. Collins, J. M. Witbeck, J. Ritter and H. H. Brown.

They, as the representatives of the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Society, of which the deceased was a regular member, purchased some splendid flowers, which remain now visible on her grave, and a beautiful cross of roses with the letters, "At Peace," was also presented by Mr. Saxton, a former pupil of the deceased. Her funeral took place from her sister, Mrs. Porter's residence, over in West Troy, and she was buried in the Mount Ida Cemetery. The deceased was 68 years old at the time of her death, and is survived by her sister, Mrs. Porter, and brother, Mr. Hoffman. She was born deaf, in Lansingburgh, N. Y., in the year 1820. At the age of 11 years, she went to the 50th Street School, where she remained until the year 1838, when she graduated. She afterwards married a Mr. Atkins, who died many years ago, and had to the time of her death lived in Lansingburgh, N. Y. She had a narrow escape from being burned to death when a child. Her house was set on fire, and all the folks but herself got out in safety. After great difficulty she was saved, however. May her soul rest in eternal peace.

On Tuesday morning, July 24th, a young man attired in black cutaway and low-cut vest and wide pants, with a little valise containing money obtained by the sale of tickets, was the first person to reach the starting point, and was amazed to find that there was not one mute nor even carry-all there. He stood still like a post, thoughtfully, for he saw that it was nearly 8 A.M., which was the hour previously fixed for the starting of our excursion. What he saw around him at that time was men hurriedly going with their dinner pails to their work, and also farmers' wagons full of barrels containing various vegetables standing nearby. Fortunately, like snow melting at the touch of hot water, his long face was changed to a broad smile at the sight of an approaching deaf-mute in the person of Jerry Drum, who instead of taking his drum along, took his basket for the sake of his appetite. Then came one, three, five, and so on. You need not wonder why they came so late, when you find that it was raining pretty hard early that morning. Most of those who intended to go, expected fair weather when they saw the deep blue through the clouds. Right they were; for the rain stopped and the sky was soon clear, with a cool breeze, thus making the day as beautiful as could be desired. As for the rest, we are sorry to say they gave up and went about their business, expecting wet weather to continue all day.

By nine o'clock, the young man holding the reins, gave the word, and off went the four lively horses drawing the enormous carry-all. They forgot the noise and shaking up of the wagon, while enjoying the splendid scenery, and two or three got off frequently in order to pick flowers and berries, which were found in great quantities along the way.

One could form an idea of how they enjoyed themselves, when he finds that they never tired of the three hours' journey (the distance being twelve miles). At twelve m., they reached Sandlake, and lo! there was Mr. Shants, a former pupil of Fanwood. He jumped for joy, and wildly shook hands with his chums. He seemed to be all smiles, and he led them around like a guide, and described this and that to them. The feature of the day was the lake, famous for the purity of its water and abundance of fish. One could find no moss nor grass growing at the bottom. The surface seemed dark green, and it is said there is a spring at the bottom of the lake,

the middle of which it is ninety feet deep. Boating, baseball, foot ball playing, and other games were hugely enjoyed. A laughable incident took place. Mr. Shants, who seemed to be a splendid ball player was trying to catch the ball thrown by young Boxley, a good curving pitcher, only to find it strike his forehead, and immediately picking the ball said, "This must be a curve ball." Also Kenney had his forehead struck by the ball, making it grow to an unusual size. Young Boxley is being educated at the Home School, of which Mr. Nelson, a former teacher at Fanwood, is Principal. It would surely give us great pleasure to play a nine from Albany.

In a boat race, J. L. Connors came out a winner, with J. S. Kenney second. Boxley wishing to create a sensation, intentionally had his boat collide with Mr. C. Bass' boat. Immediately scared to death, as if some thing enormous struck the bottom of the boat, C. Bass sighed with his hand pressed on his breast, his body evidently shaken up, and he turning up his sleeves, dipped his hand in water, and then went the hand under the boat, spelling those words to the supposed bass, "if it was you, my brother, why should you have bothered me?" This sent forth wild laughter on all sides.

Jerry Drum tried to learn how to row a boat, only to find his boat twirl like a top toy. So did J. Ritter and H. H. Brown.

Manager Witbeck enjoyed a fresh bath in the lake.

Mrs. Waterson, mother and aunt, enjoyed themselves immensely, and so did others.

Mrs. Lyon, of Albion, N. Y., has moved to Little Falls where lives her daughter, Mrs. Miller.

*Mrs. H. Burt contemplates visiting her relatives in Ticonderoga, scores of miles away. She will take along her children.

Mr. C. August Smith and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Gould, have returned from a sojourn abroad, greatly improved in health. A surprise party was given to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, in honor of the latter, on the occasion of her birthday, two weeks ago. Among the presents she received, was a splendid picture, painted by Miss Croak, a former pupil of Fanwood. It was a present from the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Society, of which Miss Croak is a member.

"Uncle Jim" O'Neil, of New York City, is in town on a visit. He has just been to Whitehall and Saratoga Springs. He reported a grand time at the excursion to Ocean Grove recently.

Mr. Milan, who met with a terrible accident, which resulted in the necessary amputation of his right arm a little above the elbow, a short time ago, was in town on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. H. Burt. Messrs. Witbeck and Connors, and others, called and saw him last Sunday. He was feeling much better.

Miss Eva Demers, of Lansingburgh, N. Y., has just returned from a two weeks' vacation in North Easton and other cities, greatly improved in health.

Mr. Carpenter, a good looking young man, of Gloversville, N. Y., was in town, the guest of Mr. C. Boxley, his classmate.

Mr. John Saxton, a mute gentleman of fine talents, in company with some friends, sailed for Europe for the benefit of his health. He will be gone two months.

Some of us received postal cards from Mr. Fox, teacher at Fanwood. We thank him for them. We shall try and go to the Empire State Convention, to be held at Rochester, N. Y., August 29, 30, 31.

J. L. C., Jr.

Death of Mrs. McKim.

Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of the late Robert McKim, died Sunday morning at 2 o'clock, after a protracted illness. In fact she had not been in good health, or even well at all, since the death of her husband, which occurred May 9th, 1887. She was born in Ireland in 1819, and was married to Robert McKim in 1836. Immediately after their marriage they emigrated to this country. First they settled in Philadelphia, when they moved to this city and made it their home till their death.

The offspring of their marriage were two sons and five daughters, all of whom are now dead, with the exception of Mrs. Maggie Vall, wife of Prof. S. E. Vall of the deaf and dumb Institution. Mrs. McKim was loved by all who knew her for her many womanly virtues and benevolent disposition—giving freely and liberally of her abundance to all benevolent objects brought to her notice.

Her remains were buried at the side of her husband on the family lot in Springdale Cemetery this afternoon at 3 o'clock, and were followed to their last resting place by a large circle of sympathizing friends and neighbors. Mrs. McKim will be greatly missed by the benevolent societies of the City. But in no place more than by Trinity Church, of which she was a devoted member and a liberal contributor for many years.

The following is a list of the pall-bearers, nearly all of whom served in the same capacity for her husband less than fifteen months ago: S. S. Moffett, James A. Willey, Thomas Graham, C. C. Consett, Richard Johnson, Thomas A. Pogue, Edward Kamp and John Clements. Rev. J. W. Turner, pastor of Trinity M. E. Church, was the officiating minister. The music was furnished by Mrs. Mame Godfrey, Miss Mame Grayston and Messrs. Frank Vall and Harry Swope.—Madison, Ind., Courier, July 23.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Aug. 11th.—Grand Rapid, Mich.,
12th.—" "
13th.—Toledo, O.,
14th.—Lima, "
15th.—Mansfield, "
16th.—Cincinnati, "
19th.—"
20th.—Portsmouth "

PHILADELPHIA.

Summer Jottings.

CLUB NOTES.

No Religious Services Until September.

(From our Philadelphia Correspondent.)

Last Saturday afternoon a good number of All Souls' Church members inspected the old synagogue on Franklin above Green Street. Rev. Mr. Syle explained to them what the alterations and improvements would be.

Last Sunday evening Miss Mary R. Fratt, who was visiting her friends since she arrived here from her vacation in Atlantic City, left this city with expressions of appreciation of the hospitality of her friends.

It is rumored that Miss Dunlap and Mr. Garretson, both deaf-mutes, were married in New Jersey last week.

Miss Lizzie Korper has gone to her parents' home in Schuylkill County, Pa., where she is spending her vacation.

Mr. Edward D. Wilson, Treasurer of the Apollo Social Club, has started on a two-weeks' vacation in the country, somewhere near Pottsville, Pa.

It is said that some prominent deaf-mutes of this city contemplate enjoying camp-life somewhere during this heated term.

In the Apollo Club hall, several members of the club, who have experienced camp-life in Atlantic City, told the others how they cooked, fished, washed clothes, and related many amusing incidents. It made many wish they had been there. Upon the suggestion made by Mr. Lipsett, they would like to raise a set of tents for a fortnight or a month in Coney Island, next year, if that seashore is suitable.

Mr. B. R. Allabough is spending his vacation at Roxborough, Pa. Master Morris Long, who was out on a three weeks' vacation to Pottsville, Pa., has returned here.

Mr. Geo. Slifer, who used to work at Thomas Dolan & Co.'s mill, is now working as a shoe-laster with Freeman & Co., in which Messrs. Sharrar and McDonnell are at work.

Mr. A. J. Beckwith, a printer by trade, living in Smethport, McKean Co., Pa., paid a visit to this city last week.

As the regular business meeting of the Apollo Social Club will be held in its hall on Saturday eve, August 4th, every member is expected to be present at the meeting. Any outsider may have an opportunity of becoming a member of the club by coming to the meeting on that evening.

This afternoon, Messrs. B. R. Allabough and Wm. H. Lipsett paid a visit to Miss Mary R. Fratt, in Norristown, Pa.

It is said that Mr. Allabough and his deaf friends expect to camp out at Perkiomen, six miles above Norristown, Pa., on or about August 8th, for a few days.

Mr. Washington Houston told the writer that as he and his wife and child were going to the West Jersey Railroad Depot, with the hope of visiting the Apollo Camp in Atlantic City, on Sunday, July 15th, but found that they were five minutes too late to catch the excursion train. They had to give up going on the train; and to amend their disappointment, they had a good time in visiting Fairmount Park all day. But they regretted they had no chance to visit the camp.

It is understood that Mrs. Maggie McCarthy has been very sick with pneumonia, but is on the way to recovery.

Mr. Houston, President of the C. L. A., regrets that he was too much pressed with extra work to attend the C. L. A. excursion. He wishes to thank the Committee of the C. L. A. excursion, for making the picnic a success.

It may be a surprise to the deaf friends of Mrs. Paulin to hear that her grandchild (Mrs. Anna Welch's child), can spell a few words and talk quite well. It is about 3 years old.

Mr. McGee, of Allegheny City, Pa., is now in town, and is looking for a house, into which he will bring his family and household as soon as possible.

Rev. Mr. Syle said there will be no Sunday services for the deaf during this summer, until September, for he is to be out for his vacation.

THE RECORDER.

PHILA.,

